Deep in the heart of the Turtle Nebula lays a nursery for stars. The Turtle Nebula, spanning 92,346 light years, holds the largest stars to ever form. One star in particular, the largest star of them all with a 6,900 light year radius and 60 solar masses, was soon to bring tragedy. Its name is Toby. The more massive the star, the shorter the life it lives; Toby was very aware of this and so was his binary star whose radius only differed by 2,000 light years and mass differed by 12 solar masses. They figured they’d just live their life to the fullest.

Knowing life would fly by anyways, the two decided health concerns (fusion rates) didn’t matter and began smoking weed shortly after formation, approximately 500,000 years.

“Toby, tryna get lifted?” asks Phillip, Toby’s binary star.

“Lifted?” responds Toby, confused by what he understood as a contradiction.

“High, fool.”  
 “Do you actually feel ‘lifted’? I don’t. If anything I feel heavier man. I feel like I’m sinking into… into something real squishy. And I never want to get up.”

“Yo man quit smokin’ them ciggies. Turnin’ you into tar, getting’ thick bro.” Phillip rolls over laughing with the blunt in his hand. Phillip didn’t just laugh a lot, in fact sometimes he didn’t even laugh out loud. Phillip sometimes got so high he thought everything was so funny that he laughed to the point he constricted himself occasionally collapsing on himself a little bit.

Rolling all over the nebula, inhaling and exhaling smoke, and coughing from choking on the smoke was resulting in mass loss. Hydrogen is depleting at remarkable rates. These boys know and promised each other to live up to their word and live how they want to live because regardless of anything, they’ll die before they know it and they will remorph the Turtle Nebula, possibly even destroy it but only to recreate it.

“Just like before, I should tell you again. I’m so sorry.”  
 “Makayla, no!” Phillip cries. “You’ve been my girl for years. You said forever!”

“You’re young, yes. But Phil, you kill yourself. Constantly. Chronically. I can’t watch it any longer. I want nothing more than to help you but I’m incapable and your stubborn resistance for ‘help’ breaks my core. I won’t watch it anymore.”

Phillip continued to smoke. But Phillip no longer laughed.

“Hey man, what’s this?” Toby demanded.

“A rock. What’s it to ya?” Phillip snapped.

“This better not be the kinda rock I think it is, bro.”  
 “What’s it matter? The harder the drug, the heavier elements I make. Furthermore, the sooner I die.”  
 “Makayla will come back man, she loves you. So what! You smoke some green and laugh a little. What’s so bad about that?”

“WHAT’S SO BAD?! Look at me! I’m fusing silicon!”

“Don’t touch the rocks man. Let’s just kick it.”

“You’re right man. Let’s kick it.”

A few more of Toby’s orbits and he realizes Phillip doesn’t look so good. Growing redder by the day, Toby grows concerned. Worries that Phillip smoked the rocks are all over Toby’s conscious. One or two mentions of rehab and he let it go. Phillip began to show aggression, even towards Toby. He didn’t want to but he would do all he could to get Toby to get locked in orbit with another star. Phillip, “corebroken” as he could be, smoked every rock he got his hands on.

“I miss the old you, man.”  
 “I miss Makayla.”  
 “No worries bro got three blunts right here for ya.”  
 “Good deal.”

The boys smoked their last time together.

Phillip fused with iron and it was the end of them both.

Makayla watched Phillip die and died 4 billion years later.